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Hail thou in Majesty Cornell

ALBERT W SMITH



HAIL THOU IN MAJESTY

CORNELL

BY

ALBERT W. SMITH



COVER DESIGN BY BRISTOW ADAMS

ANDRUS & CHURCH,
ITHACA, N. Y.

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TO
J. DU PRATT WHITE
ALUMNUS
TRUSTEE
AND
NEVER-FAILING FRIEND
OF
CORNELL

Cornell Hymn

Set to music by Professor James T. Quarles

HAIL thou in majesty, Cornell,
On guard forever on the height,
In gloom while storm sweeps hill and dell,
Or 'neath the blue in flooding light.
Thy bells ring out o'er winter snow,
To summer skies, in autumn haze;
And many murmuring waters flow
Where we exulting sing thy praise.

How fair thy lake with mirrored shore,
Or swept by wind and flecked with white!
Through darkling hours thou broodest o'er
The city twinkling through the night.
The chiming hours too swiftly run
While grave or blithe we tread thy ways,
Till all our golden days are done
Where we exulting sing thy praise.



The Statue of Ezra Cornell

BEHOLD in bronze his sturdy spirit caught !
For all the coming, fateful years he stands
Amid the growing good he planned and wrought
With glowing heart and brain and steadfast hands.

Undaunted, stern, with conquering mien he goes,
The hindering wind against his strenuous face,
To fight the battle with the stubborn foes
That bar the progress of the human race.

* * * * *

Upon the teeming earth at times appear
Rare men of nobler nature than the rest,
Who see the face of God and clearly hear
The call to some unselfish, life-long quest.

So he,—who lived in youth laborious days,
And who, revolting 'gainst a narrowing life,
Walked forth through lengthening miles by weary ways
In search of ampler field and sterner strife.

He saw the growing needs of man and sought
The dreamer of the telegraph who planned
To set retarding space and time at naught,
And flash man's thought throughout a quickened land.

He caught the winged vision of the seer,
And harnessed it to work for human weal ;
He fought with doubt, indifference, and fear,
And wrought man's betterment with patient zeal.

When fortune's face at length in favor turned,
When gold had brimmed his coffers, once again,
With scorn of ease, with beckoning pleasure spurned,
He sought new ways to serve his fellow men.

He wished to call great teachers, found fair halls,
Provide all means whereby the powers of youth
Might be increased and trained to meet the calls
To all the higher things of life and truth.

* * * * *

Another bronze fronts this with thoughtful face,
Of him to whom privation was unknown,
Who'd fain with free and vital work replace
The sterile teaching of an age outgrown.

Fate brought these men together ; joined their hands ;
With common purpose, one in heart and mind,
They gave their lives and fortunes, power and lands
To work their righteous will for humankind.

This place where beauty moulds the heart of man,
In this fair land of valley, hill, and stream,
They chose whereon their fondly cherished plan
Should rise fulfilled beyond the dreamers' dream.

* * * * *

And they who come throughout the years to share
The founder's gift, shall feel the statue's spell ;
And kindling at the founder's flame shall bear
Promethean fire—the spirit of Cornell.

The Chime Master

HE climbs lone stairs by day and night
That music may divide the day;
To play old tunes for our delight;
To chime our mood, or grave or gay.

If we at night have lingered late
With studies, friends, or otherwise,
He rings, when morning's crowding eight,
Our lagging lids from sleepy eyes.

At midday when we've had our fill
Of wisdom, when ideas pall,
He rings release to all the "hill"
And plays a jig for luncheon call.

When shadows from each tree and tower
Stretch eastward from the glowing west,
He plays soft tunes to mark the hour
And gently call to twilight rest.

He calls us to the fringe of sleep
With midnight bells that thrill the air
With carols sweet and old that keep
The Christ Child story fresh and fair.

Chime masters come and ring and go;
All hail to him who rings today!
We listen for a while and lo,
With lingering mem'ries go our way.



The Library Fireplace

I PASSED the tower when, through the rain,
The vesper bells rang to the night;
And 'neath the arches entered, fain
To read some tale of love's delight.

The entrance fireplace was aglow
Where flame was never seen before;
And Cupid with his unstrung bow
Stirred up the fire to make it roar.

Two benches flank the inglenook
Where people far apart could bide ;
But lo, a man came in and took
A seat close by a maiden's side.

Then Cupid plied his burnished bow
Till ruddy firelight filled the place
And shone upon the pair, and lo,
Each turned and saw the other's face.

They gazed into each other's eyes,
Their faces rapt and love-beguiled ;
They whispered low with long-drawn sighs ;
And Cupid stirred the fire and smiled.

I sought the inglenook next day ;
The hearth was clean, the shining flue
Was free from soot ; no ashes lay
To show the thing I saw was true.

But I saw man and maid that day,
Their eyes still bright with Cupid's gleam ;
Which proves, I think, beyond gainsay,
It couldn't all have been a dream.

Thus Cupid works in various ways
To bend us to his heart's desire ;
And risks his wings beside a blaze
To use his bow to stir love's fire.





In Memory

GEORGE C. BOLDT

Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Cornell

WITHIN the gothic church the lofty spaces
Are vibrant with the organ's throb and thrill,
Where we with heavy hearts and saddened faces
Have come for love of him whose heart is still.

Faint from afar come sounds of choral singing
That nearer swell in full melodious tide;
Anon the priest intones, with clear voice ringing,
The solemn words that time has glorified.

And then he takes white lilies from the altar,
Sweet like the life of him who lieth here,
And bearing them in gentle hands that falter
With tenderness, he lays them on the bier.

O, Thou who in the shadow ever hidest,
Of whom we catch no glimpse however dim,
We feel that from the dark unknown Thou guidest
Thine own, and therefore all is well with him.

The End of the Morning Session

THE weary teachers drone in drowsy rooms
Without a gleam from one responsive face ;
The morning zest is gone amid the glooms,
And vagrant wits are wandering in space.

Weary and worn,
Why were we born ?
Why does Time halt at a quarter to one ?
Life is all prose ;
Wisdom's to doze ;
All is stupidity under the sun !

But hark ! the bells ring out eight varying peals ;
A single boom sounds forth and all is still ;
Then far away the stillness softly steals,
And noise and bustle waken on the hill.

Slumberers wake !
Loiterers take
Time by the forelock, the clock is at one
Life is not stale ;
Time's not a snail ;
There is yet interest under the sun.

The lecturers sigh and smile and stop ;
The sleepers wake with startled snores,
While papers rustle, pencils drop,
And shoes are scuffed on sandy floors.

The crowds pour out in full career,
And jostling tread in various times ;
They burst through outer doors and hear
Unchanging changes on the chimes.

The walks resound with hurrying feet ;
Each eddying column streams and swells ;
They come by all the ways and meet
And mingle 'neath the clanging bells.

Senior and grad.
Smiling or sad,
Chaffing or arguing, fact or fun ;
Medic. or Ag.
Bucket or bag,
O, the variety under the sun !

Ribbons and petticoats flutter to Sage ;
Men troop along on the way to the town ;
Youth is a-jostle with grave middle-age
Hurrying, scurrying hungrily down.

Freshman and Soph.
Fellow and Prof.
A sorrow or joy in the heart of each one ;
Lowly and proud
Mix with the crowd ;
Comedy, tragedy, under the sun !

* * * * *

The echoes of the chimes have died away ;
The noisy crowd has vanished from the hill ;
A single lingering one is left astray ;
His fading footfalls cease and all is still.

⓪ Tempora! ⓪ Mores!

A T Zinck's place in the olden days the amber fluid
flowed,
And gleaming foam topped brimming steins and clung
to lips that glowed
With youth and overflowed with song and jest and
repartee,
While laughter ebbed and swelled, and Zinck kept rein
in revelry.

But now grave ones come slowly forth where Zinckie
once held sway,
And from their sober, smileless lips they sadly brush
away
The cheerless foam of buttermilk and slowly walk along
With measured tread and never a skip or whoop or
merry song.

Does Zinck now in Elysian fields serve drinks to thirsty
shades?
Does Bacchus lead pale devotees in eager cavalcades
To sit at Zinckie's board and tell of Ithaca or Rome?
Do spirits' spirits rise like ours from amber floods and
foam?
If so I hope no shade just come from Charon's boat will
tell
To Zinckie's shade how buttermilk's the booze at dry
Cornell.

Cornell, We Hail Thy Name

Set to music by Professor James T. Quarles

THROUGH all the eager, chiming hours,
While we work, and tread thy ways
Under arching trees, past ivied towers,
In our hearts we sing thy praise.
In the zealous morning, hurrying noon,
Or when skies of evening flame,
Or beneath night's stars or crescent moon,
Cornell, we hail thy name!

CHORUS

Through the stress of race or game,
Or in some silent task done well,
Every hour we fain would praise thy name,
And would honor thee, Cornell.

When the autumn football slogans ring,
And the hills are dim with haze,
And through all the ardent sports of spring
We exult and sing thy praise.
'Mid coxswain's cries and throb of oars
Through the strife to win thee fame,
From the train that skirts the curving shores,
Cornell, we hail thy name!

CHORUS



Andrew Dickson White

Here 'mid the fair fulfillment of his dream
His statue broods above the busy ways ;
Long since on this bare hill he saw the gleam
Prophetic of these present golden days ;

He saw these towers that catch the shafts of dawn,
These stately halls that crown the hill grown fair,
These arching elms above the shadowy lawn,
He heard the chimes ring through the vibrant air.

And then the higher vision came to show
A place of freedom where the mind might be
Unfettered, and where all who would might know
The joy of seeking truth that maketh free.

Some men who see rare visions rest content
To see them and to let them fade away ;
Not so with him ; to him the vision meant
The call to toil to make the vision stay.

Throughout the sad or joyous years he wrought,
With love and wisdom meeting hate and strife ;
Thrice blessed was his work ; the thing he sought
Is here, the fair fruition of his life.

This statue fronting west, for many a year
Shall face the sunsets as they flush and fade ;
The valley shall grow dim with mists and clear
Full often in the changing sun and shade ;

And oft the westering moon above the tower
Shall flood the valley with mysterious light ;
And summer rains shall beat and storm-clouds lower,
And coming winter bring the lengthening night.

Unmoved through all this statue shall abide
That men may think of him who saw the gleam,
The seer who toiled ; whose toil is glorified
In this fulfillment of his golden dream.

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